

## MAYOR GETS POLICE REPORT.

Commissioner Partridge and Former District-Attorney Philbin Submit Different Views on Reorganization.

BOTH FAVOR 14-YEAR TERM.

If Force Is Increased One-Quarter, as Is Suggested, It Will Cost the City \$2,000,000 a Year Additional.

The platoon system in the Police Department is the only point of difference between Police Commissioner Partridge and former District-Attorney Philbin in a report made to Mayor Low on the general reorganization of the police system. While Mr. Philbin advocates the three platoon system, the Commissioner added a dissenting report in favor of the two platoon that he put in operation. Mr. Philbin wants the force increased one-quarter at a cost to the city annually of \$2,000,000.

Both men favor a fourteen-year term for the Police Commissioner. This clause was once stricken out of the report, but inserted again after Commissioner Partridge resigned, leaving no cause to suspect that he had a personal desire for a long term.

The report recommends that the office of police chief be revived, the new official to be called "general inspector." This official would be under the appointment of the Commissioner and subject to his removal at any time.

It is suggested that the pensions be limited to \$1,500 a year unless the pensioner has been in the service longer than thirty-five years, and that no person shall receive a pension while still employed by the city. Sixty-four years is mentioned as the age of retirement.

The report decries the influence of politicians over members of the force, and says that while many policemen are overworked more have sinecures.

## TIM WOODRUFF THEN WOKE UP.

He Was Offered the Vacant Police Commissionership, and Was About to Thank the Mayor for the Gift When—

GRAND SURPRISE CAME.

"Tim" Woodruff was hurriedly summoned by the Mayor to come at once to the City Hall. The Lieutenant-Governor, who will be minus his highest office Jan. 1, immediately answered the summons of the Mayor. He made an elaborate toilet, and when standing before the mirror giving the final adjustment to his red and black puff tie he wondered for why and for what the Mayor had called him so urgently.

"Would He Take the Place?" "I guess he's that Police Commissioner," thought the Lieutenant-Governor. "Would I take it?" he mentally asked himself as he left the house and made a bee line for the nearest car. "I think I could hold down that job all right. It wouldn't be lowering my dignity, either, to accept it. It's a pretty big office at that. I could do a whole lot of good for the party, too, even if the job only holds out for a year."

"Why, a Police Commissioner who has any idea about politics at all could swing an election either way through his office. Come to think of it, it certainly would be good politics to put me in there. I could look after our people all right and perhaps then Tammany Hall wouldn't pile the vote it expects next election day. I guess the Mayor knows what he is doing."

"He's a pretty wise old boy at that. People don't give him the credit that is due him, but he will open their eyes if he makes me Commissioner."

Let Them Play the Races.

"What's the use of closing up the town to the country village? I am in favor of giving considerable leeway. Open up the town. If men want to gamble let them gamble. If they want to play the races let them play the races as well as the next fellow—then let them play the races. Don't put barriers up around the Tenderloin or close up the saloons on Sundays. I am in favor of liberal conditions. But perhaps the Mayor may want to know my ideas on the subject. Well, I'll have to sound him first. I can play it either way. If he wants to close up everything and shut down everything I can accommodate him with a promise to do all he wants in that line. Of course I won't offend him. After I get the appointment—well, that's another story. I'll stick to my friends and my politics."

Then He Woke Up.

The Mayor greeted the Lieutenant-Governor warmly. "I have at last made up my mind whom I will appoint to the Police Commissionership," began the Mayor. The Lieutenant-Governor leaned upon the City's Executive. "I have gone some way in your career, Governor, and have carefully weighed your public utterances and principles. You appear to me to have the proper conception of affairs and I believe you will make an excellent head of the Police Department. I therefore take great pleasure in tendering you the appointment."

"Tim! Tim! Get up, you are over-sleeping this morning," and the Lieutenant-Governor woke up in Brooklyn.

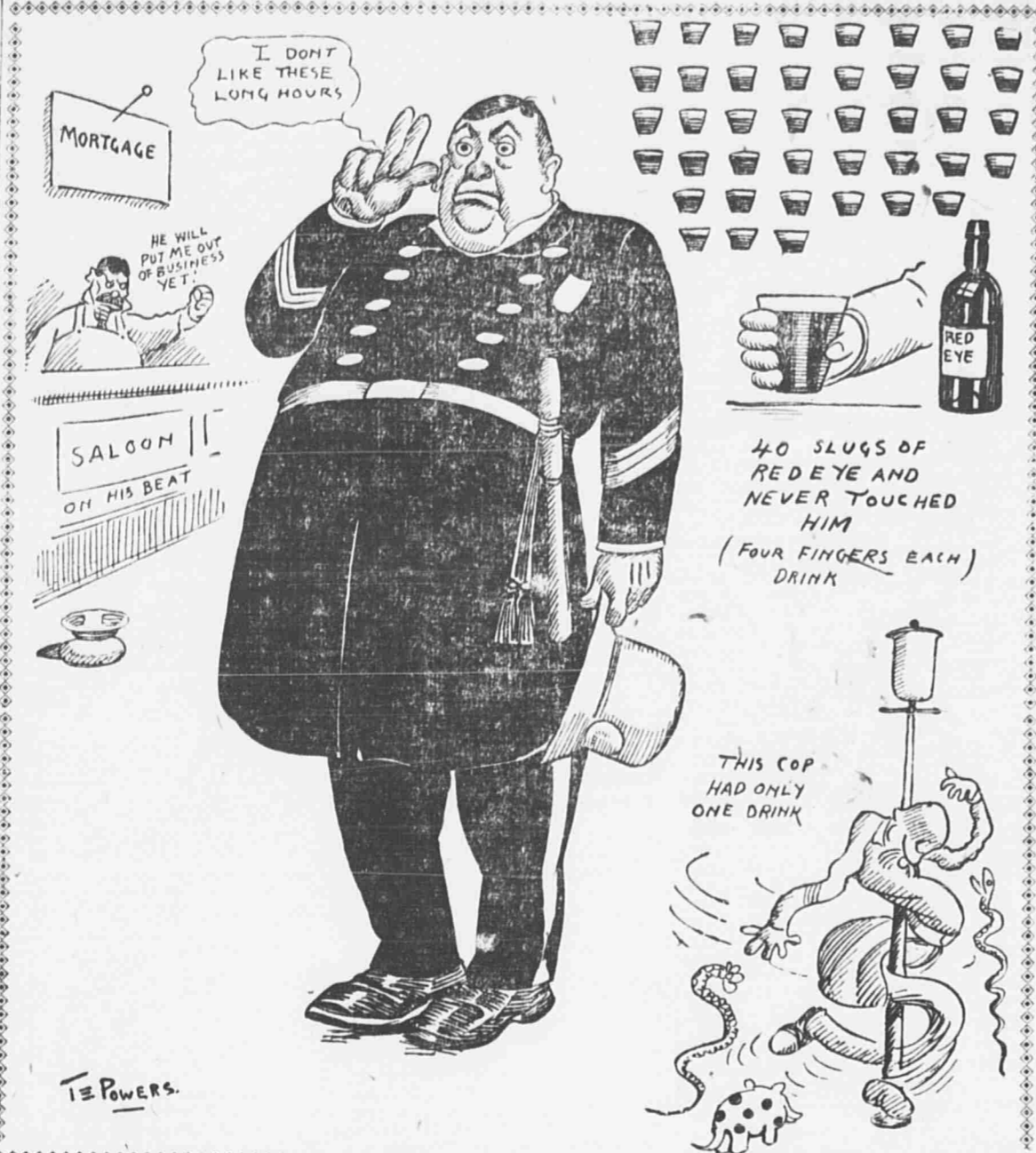
HAYTI TO ELECT GEN. NORD.

Congress Will Be Convened for that Purpose To-Morrow.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Hayti, Dec. 20.—Congress was convened yesterday in order to confirm the election of Gen. Nord as president, but there was no quorum, and Congress will reconvene Sunday.

A general opinion is that General Nord was recently acclaimed President of the army and who occupied the Palace Dec. 18, will be formally inaugurated.

## WHISKEY PLATOON SYSTEM WORKS FINELY, POLICE SURGEONS DECLARE



## POLICEMEN GET DRUNK? NEVER!

Dudley With His Sixteen Drinks Wasn't in Same Class with Bluecoat Who Drank Twenty-nine in Six Hours.

AND THEY WERE BIG ONES.

Notwithstanding This the Officer Withstood All the Tests for Inebriety, and He Was Fit for Police Duty.

If Patrolman Dudley could take sixteen drinks of whiskey and no one be able to tell it except himself, how many drinks would the average New York patrolman have to take before every one could tell it?

That's a hard conundrum, for even Chief Surgeon Stephen G. Cook, of the Board of Police Surgeons, admits that a policeman is a hard nut to crack when it comes to diagnosing alcoholism. He has been trying to do it for a great many years and he probably knows more about the capacity of policemen for "red liquor" and its effects on them under ordinary circumstances than any other man in the city. When he was asked how many drinks he thought it would take to make a policeman unfit for duty, granting that he was fit before he took a drink, the doctor laughed, and said: "There's no telling. Some of them can take forty and some can't take five. I've found some policemen that it seemed to me no amount of liquor could affect."

Couldn't Get Him Drunk.

"I remember one man who gave me the hardest puzzle I ever had. He was sent to me for examination by a Sergeant who said that the culprit had been loading up all day. The smell of liquor was strong on his breath, but when I put a glass to his lips he refused to drink. He told me he had never seen a glass of whiskey in his life. What made me mad was his insistence that he hadn't taken a single drink, although I was absolutely certain that he had just been throwing them in."

"Still, I had to report him fit for duty. I made up my mind that for my own gratification I would find out about this fellow's drinking, and I sent out a trustworthy man to ascertain how many drinks the patrolman would take on a certain tour and just how much he would take with each drink. This man followed him from 6 o'clock in the evening until midnight and saw him take twenty-nine drinks of whiskey, each of which contained four fingers."

"I was waiting for the report, and as soon as it came I sent at once for the policeman and had him before me. Do you know the fellow swore that he hadn't a single drink, and when I put him through every test I could think of he appeared to be as sober as ever. I examined him and found that he hadn't taken a drink, although I was absolutely certain that he had just been throwing them in."

"This man was apparently so built that liquor could not affect him. He could probably have taken dozens more of whiskey without having lost his physical or mental balance. I must say, though, that he was about the best—or worst—I ever saw."

One Drink Enough.

"All policemen are not built the same way. I had one man before me once and there was indisputable evidence that he had had but one single drink of whiskey and he was found lying in a gutter. It was just like poison to him. There is no way of accounting for this unless you call it a physical infirmity and start out with the assertion that such a man is unfit to be a policeman at all."

"I have a personal friend who gets perfectly silly if you give him a teaspoonful of whiskey. I've tried it on him and there is no shamming about it. He just becomes an ass as soon as he takes a drop of it. I believe it is the first few drops in him. Believe it or not, this man Dudley, who admitted that he had taken sixteen drinks and wanted twenty-five more was a liar. I examined him and found that he hadn't taken a drink. At least there were no evidences of it, not even the smell on his breath. He admitted to me that he hadn't, and said he had told the Commissioner that yarn with the idea that it was a good joke. His sense of humor needs whiskey or something to sharpen it up, as this joke may cost him dearly."

### SCENE AT KIEHL INQUEST.

CORTRAND, Dec. 20.—There was a scene at the inquest of William Kiehl here when Mrs. Maude Kiehl, his widow, refused to testify on the ground that she might incriminate herself. Her counsel, Rowland L. Davis, attempted to coach her when Coroner Santee asked her reason for refusing so. The District-Attorney and the Coroner threatened Davis with disbarment if he would not go, and after a wrangle the Coroner placed the witness on the stand. Mrs. Kiehl's back was turned to her attorney.

Prof. Chamot testified to finding a large quantity of arsenic in Kiehl's stomach.

### Useful Jewelry Gifts.

Being over thirty-five years in the jewelry trade, we are thoroughly acquainted with the wants of our patrons. We do not undersell any article, as is claimed in some of the department store announcements, but we give QUALITY consistent with PRICE.

DIAMONDS. Brooches, Pins, Studs, Cuff and Collar Buttons.

WATCHES. Solid gold and gold-filled; Elgin, Waltham and Swiss.

SILVERWARE. Sterling and plated. Knives, Forks, Spoons, Tea Sets, &c.

Hundreds of useful and beautiful articles specially adapted for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Wedding Rings a Specialty.

B. KARSCH

Established 1869.

8th Avenue, Corner 41st Street.

## To-Morrow's Sunday World.

### Here Is the "HELLEU GIRL!"

A Page of Portraits by Paul Helleu, the Great French Dry-Point Artist, Who Is Here to Portray America's Most Beautiful Women.

### \$500.00 for a Doll.

Expensive Toys for the Children of the Rich.

### \$50.00 Prize Puzzle Page.

A Chance to Make Some Money if You Are a Good Puzzler.

### First Lady in the Land Cleans House

How the White House Has Been Renovated for the Roosevelt Family.

### The Amazing LADY HARTOPP.

Her Divorce-Court Testimony, Now First Printed in America, Discloses a Strange State of Affairs in English Society.

### \$13,000,000,000 in the Railroad Business.

A Story of the Great Aggregation of Capital Which Rules the Country's Business.

### "Beautiful Carlo's" Tragic End.

How a Pretty Woman, Warned of Misfortune, Went Headlong to Her Fate Despite All.

## Uncle Sam's Christmas POISON DINNER.

An Astonishing Repast to Be Set Before Men Who Will Eat It, Knowing It to Be Poisoned, All for the Sake of Science.

### Children Who Are Millionaires.

Nine Little Ones Who Are Fabulously Rich in Their Own Rights. Who They Are and What They Look Like.

### The Night Before Christmas Up to Date.

Verses and Pictures of Christmas in the Great Funny Side.

### The Wonders of New York.

Its Sky-Scrapers, Which Surpass Anything of the Kind in the World.

### Prize- Fighters' Taunts and Jokes.

A Story of the Squared Circle by CHARLEY WHITE, the Famous Referee.

## The Great Tenement Labor of MILLIONAIRE STOKES.

The Words of Oscar Wilde That Drove the Young Man to Devote His Life to Helping Others.

## UNSIGNED NOTES SCARE POLICE

Anonymous Letter-Writer Responsible for Commissioner Partridge's Charges Against Officers High and Low.

HIS IDENTITY DISCOVERED.

A writer of anonymous letters, who has an intimate knowledge of inside affairs of the New York Police Department, has kept the several influential members of the force in hot water for months. As a result of their investigations, suspicion has fallen on a detective who was recently reduced from the rank of detective sergeant. No positive proof of his guilt is in the hands of the men who have suffered by his writing, but they feel so certain he is the letter writer that mutterings of "playing even" are frequently heard. It is said that most or many of the recent investigations ordered by Commissioner Partridge have been at the instigation of this letter writer, who used his inside knowledge to inform the head of the department of the irregularities of the force. The men "squealed out" sure that the informant was a man in the department, but for a long time the closest watch failed to give any clue to his identity.

Besides men high in the department, detectives and patrolmen have also been victims of the letter writer. Capt. Titus has been attacked in a letter to Commissioner Partridge, in which he was charged that he allowed his men to loaf.

An anonymous letter charged that Inspector Grant allowed his brother-in-law, Capt. Stephenson, to run his precinct in a disreputable manner, and was followed by charges against a number of captains. These letters were evidently written by the same man, and in some cases the charges led to investigations and in several cases to dismissals.

LANIERS PART, SAY GOSSIPERS.

But Mrs. Lanier Asks that the Report Be Denied.

It was reported to-day that James F. D. Lanier, son of Charles Lanier, a well-known banker, and his wife, who was Miss Harriet A. Bishop, daughter of the late Heber R. Bishop, had separated.

Both families are prominent in the Four Hundred, but, although there has been much gossip over the reported disagreement of Mr. and Mrs. Lanier, publicity was given to the alleged separation to-day for the first time.

Mr. Lanier is associated with his father in the banking business. He is a member of the Metropolitan, Club and Field, Automobile, Country, White and Meadowbrook Clubs, and is an enthusiastic rider to hounds. The Laniers resided at No. 123 West Thirty-fifth street until September last, when Mrs. Lanier moved to her home on the Krompritz-Wilhelms. Since her return Mrs. Lanier has lived at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Lanier has been occupying bachelor apartments at No. 162 Madison avenue.

At the Waldorf-Astoria to-day Mrs. Lanier denied that she and Mr. Lanier had separated and sent the following note to The Evening World: "Please to deny absolutely all reports like the enclosed."

ODD SWINDLE ON FLORISTS.

Man Who Gives \$100 Orders Gets Boutonniere Free.

Many New York florists have been duped recently by a man who ordered big lots of flowers sent to the New York Theatre. In each case he gave his name as "H. Smith," saying that he was property man at the theatre. Great floral pieces, worth more than \$100, have been delivered at the theatre and refused by the manager. The loss to the florists in many cases has been large. An attempt has been made, without success, to find the gaily dressed man who gave the orders. All he got was a boutonniere for his pocket.

## GIANT CAUGHT AFTER A HOLD-UP

Police Clubbed a Man Into Submission When Dr. Noeber Said He Had Been Robbed in Fourteenth Street.

DIDN'T SHOW UP IN COURT.

Dr. Henry Noeber, a well-known physician of Milwaukee, who is in the city, reported to the police to-day that he had been held up and robbed early this morning, at Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue, of his watch and \$30.

A veritable giant, who was pointed out by the victim as one of the robbers, was arrested after a hot fight, during which he held off half a dozen policemen, while a throng of several hundred persons looked on.

The prisoner, who denied that he was concerned in the holdup, said he was George Mulvey, of No. 367 Pearl street, a dealer in hardware.

Mulvey was later arraigned before Magistrate Brann, in the Yorkville Court, charged with grand larceny.

The complainant, Dr. Noeber, failed to appear and the prisoner was discharged, no evidence having been given against him.

Dr. Noeber just after the arrest told the police he was held up by two men at the Germanic Bank Building, which is undergoing repairs.

One caught him by the throat, preventing him from crying out while he threw his left arm about the physician and held him powerless.

The other hastily went through the victim's pockets, taking his watch and chain and money and pulling a stud from his shirt front.

Dr. Noeber said he managed to break away partially and wrestled his assailants about the sidewalk. He could not cry out, for the big man kept a secure hold on his throat.

A subway watchman, however, saw the struggle and called to Policeman Gaffga, of the Fifth Street Station, who was standing on the upper Fourteenth street corner. Gaffga ran across the street, but as he approached the giant thug met him with a swinging blow on the jaw that knocked him sprawling.

As several policemen reached Gaffga they found him holding off the big robber, who was fighting desperately. As the bluecoats closed around the thug he hit out with both fists and kept six policemen fighting until a patrol wagon arrived from the Fifth street station.

The crowd was so dense about the place by this time that the police had to beat their way through to drag the prisoner to the wagon.

He fought every step and had to be held down when finally landed in the vehicle. By the time the station-house was reached he was quiet and vigorously denied being one of the robbers.

### COLLISION IN BROADWAY.

Two Wagons Run Down by Cars and Driver Hurt.

Within an hour, two wagons were today struck by trolley cars in Broadway. The first collision was at Eighth street.

A mail wagon driven by William Benjamin, forty-two years old, of No. 413 East Sixth street, was struck by a north-bound car, Benjamin's right leg was broken and he was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital in an ambulance.

The other collision occurred a few minutes before 9 o'clock, at Fourteenth street and Broadway, where a Taylor & Ellis, who lives at No. 21 Division street, was crossing the Broadway tracks at Fourteenth street, when his wagon was struck by a south-bound car.

Perry's right shoulder was dislocated. He was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital.

## 30 HURT, NO POLICE ACTION.

Hoboken and Weehawken Officials Quarrel Over Technicalities in Cases of Trolley Victims.

QUESTION OF A BOUNDARY.

SERIOUSLY INJURED.

Newkirk, S. H., of Clifton Park Internal Injuries.

Newkirk, Mrs. S. H., of Clifton Park Internal Injuries.

Rohner, Mrs. Alice, No. 5 Boulevard, West Hoboken; badly cut about the face and body and in a precarious condition from shock.

Schmidt, Lambert, Shippen street, Weehawken, Heights; cuts and internal injuries.

Schmidt, Mrs. Lambert; dislocated shoulder and internal injuries.

Twenty-five others sustained cuts, bruises and abrasions.

Arrests in connection with the crash at 11:30 o'clock last night of a wildcat freight train with a loaded trolley car in Weehawken, in which the thirty passengers of the car were injured, did not take place this morning as promised.

The Hoboken police and the Weehawken police should make them, as the accident took place on their territory. The latter retorted similarly. The crash happened on the boundary line. The police quarrelled over the matter.

The three victims most seriously injured are reported this morning to be in a critical condition. They are:

Mrs. Lambert, Schmidt, Mrs. H. L. Newkirk and Mrs. A. Rohner.

A Boulevard trolley car of the North Hudson Railroad left the Fourteenth street ferry in Hoboken in charge of Conductor Louis Yodanis and Motor-man Peter Reese. When the crossing of the Erie tracks was reached, about midnight, Yodanis went ahead to see that the tracks were clear. An Erie freight train was passing and Flagman Peter Higgins had the gates down. Apparently the train was a short one and was soon by. Higgins lifted the gates and Yodanis, after looking up and down the tracks and seeing no lights of any approaching train, signaled his motor-man to cross.

While fairly on the tracks the runaway section of the freight train, which had passed, bore down on the trolley car and wrecked it. It seems that the last four cars of the freight train had broken away from the front section up the track further and that it was running down the grade "wildcat," following the main section about a quarter of a mile.

It caught the trolley car a fair broadside, hurled it from the rails, and in the wild panic aboard the splintered woodwork and shattered glass assailed the passengers. The trolley car was thrown to one side and turned over, as the four freight cars, imperceptibly jarred, swept the passengers and the passengers without knowing what struck them.

On the dark crossing the wildest excitement reigned. Uninjured passengers were being extricated from the wreckage. Those not seriously injured went to the rescue of the others. Half a dozen were taken out unconscious. Messages brought ambulances, and the more seriously injured were taken at once to their homes, where physicians had been sent.

That the runaway section of the train had not been discovered by the trail crew is considered most remarkable. In the inevitable suit for damages which will follow it is said that negligence on the part of the railroad employees will be alleged, while some say that they will insist on prosecution of charges of criminal negligence.

The accident occurred on the boundary line, undiscoverable between Hoboken and Weehawken.